

The Mavericks, From Hell To Paradise

(Raul Malo)

For thirty years they sang the
song of promised victory
But who they've fought and who has won
Didn't matter much to me
I see them driving down the streets
In their fancy shiny cars
Crowds of people to their feet
Their faces full of scars

No pleasantries, no luxuries
No little children's milk
While minister's wives spent
all their lives
In China's finest silk
My back's been broken many times
But my spirit lingers on
The day it comes my way on
freedom's ship
I will be gone

Chorus
From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price
From hell to paradise
I'll always pay the price

This ninety mile trip
has taken thirty years to make
They tried to keep
forever what was never theirs to take
I cursed and scratched the devil's hand
As he stood in front of me
One last drag from his big cigar
And he finally set me free

Repeat chorus twice

Con ojos tiernos algun dia te mirare
Con brases abiertos algun dia abrazare
Hay mi Havana cuando pueda regresare

Translation:
With tender eyes someday I'll look at you
With open arms someday I'll embrace you
My old Havana someday I will return